

## Girls make boys cry (so fuck em) by Evil\_likkle\_Bitch

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Ableist Language, Abusive Neil Hargrove, Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield Have a Good Relationship, Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove Is Bad at Feelings, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Bottom Billy Hargrove, Brotherly Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson, Dyslexic Steve Harrington, Explicit Language, Explicit Sexual Content, F/F, F/M, Gay Billy Hargrove, Good Friend Tommy Hagan, Lesbian Robin Buckley, M/M, Neil Hargrove Being an Asshole, Neil Hargrove is His Own Warning, Period Typical Attitudes, Period Typical Bigotry, Period-Typical Homophobia, Protective Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Robin Buckley & Billy Hargrove Friendship, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington Friendship, Robin Buckley Has a Girlfriend, Steve Harrington Deserves Love, Steve Harrington Has Bad Parents, Steve Harrington Has a Big Dick, Steve Harrington Has a Crush on Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington Needs Love, Top Steve Harrington, Will Byers & Maxine "Max" Mayfield Friendship

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Carol Perkins, Dustin Henderson, Heather Holloway, Jonathan Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Susan Hargrove, Tommy Hagan, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Robin Buckley/Heather Holloway, Tommy Hagan/Carol Perkins, Will Byers/Original Male Character(s)

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2020-04-20

**Updated:** 2021-04-15

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 01:56:46

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 6

**Words:** 12,009

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Billy didn't hate Harrington, well he disliked parts of him ~ like how he would always ignore him or how he almost never came to school with fresh bruises on his face or how his clothes never had holes or how despite how many rumors about Harrington's sexuality went around, no one had threatened him or how he wasn't declared dead after everyone had heard about the blowjob Andy Samuels had given him.

Billy guessed subjects were supposed to get on their knees for their king.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Right, so idk what I'm really doing with this story, i just love my boys and a lot of effort has gone into this.

(the second chapter fucking deleted three times.)

Anyway, this isn't like angry shit because they deserve happiness but Neil is once again an abusive asshole, i will be writing about it, i don't think anything hardcore but if it is I'll let you know but I'm very close to this 'topic' (shitty parents) and i tend to write about it a lot.

Also the title is just something i came up with, got any ideas, send them?

I also have a playlist,

[https://open.spotify.com/](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3HwbyogVCFrH2pwJlP2WHb?si=dn3Zu8qZSAOPyQ4hO7WWWg)

[playlist/3HwbyogVCFrH2pwJlP2WHb?](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3HwbyogVCFrH2pwJlP2WHb?si=dn3Zu8qZSAOPyQ4hO7WWWg)

[si=dn3Zu8qZSAOPyQ4hO7WWWg](https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3HwbyogVCFrH2pwJlP2WHb?si=dn3Zu8qZSAOPyQ4hO7WWWg)

Billy assumed he must of looked fucking ridiculous when he had first seen Steve. It couldn't be helped though, anyone that had ever been in his presence would agree. He was so pretty, sad but pretty. His hair soft but thick looking and his eyes large but tragic. It didn't help either, that Tommy H. never shut the fuck up about him, from bad mouthing him or to talking about his stupid fucking memories.

Tommy H. loved to reminisce about Harrington and him, when they were in middle school, when he was high. Billy had thought it was kinda sad that all their good memories were from middle school when they were now in their senior year of high school. Though he had guessed friends did eventually fall out, even if he didn't have any experience to be certain. Billy almost never got high around them out of fear of what he might say about Harrington. It wasn't fair that he had to be careful, but he did. He understood the consequences that came with telling anyone anything before he was even a teenager.

It didn't matter what it was, it could always be held against you. And Billy was certain, that his dad could kill him if he brought his step-

sister home too late. He didn't even think about his other shit, he just needed to focus real hard on his school work and get out of his shitty household, maybe even get his step-sister out. Though he doubted his dad would ever touch either of the women in his house, it wouldn't be nearly as fun to beat up someone weak other than someone you knew could overpower you. He decided long ago that he'd focus on his school work so he could afford to get out of his house, not that he had a choice. There was no room for failures in his house, not that he'd mind getting kicked out, it's just that he was more likely to get killed then kicked out.

Billy didn't hate Harrington, well he disliked parts of him ~ like how he would always ignore him or how he almost never came to school with fresh bruises on his face or how his clothes never had holes or how despite how many rumors about Harrington's sexuality went around, no one had threatened him or how he wasn't declared dead after everyone had heard about the blowjob Andy Samuels had given him.

Billy guessed subjects were supposed to get on their knees for their king.

It had pissed him off but Billy guessed he hated Harrington for reasons Harrington couldn't control, it wasn't his fault he was rich and disgustingly pretty, just like it wasn't Billy's fault his dad was a piece of shi-

"Billy, get the fuck up, dirtbag." Max says, kicking him in his legs. Billy tears his gaze away from the ceiling and sits up from the couch. He rolls his eyes at Max standing in front of him, her hands on her hips, "Oh my fucking god, Max, fuck off."

Still standing up sassily, she wines, "you were supposed to pick me up from the fucking arcade. I was waiting for you and Lucas' mom insisted on giving me a ride, she was all like," Max makes her voice impossibly high as she says, " Oh, Max Hargrove? Billy's sister?" Jesus, Billy thought, almost everyone in this shitty town knew him now. "And i was like yh but my names Max MAYFIELD-"

Billy sighed, scratching his head he rises from the couch to walk into the kitchen, Max follows him.

"Step-sister." He corrects.

"REALLY?" Max screeches hysterically, "THATS WHAT YOU FUCKING GOT FROM IT?"

"JESUS CHRIST MAX, WHATS YOUR DAMAGE?"

Max punches him in the shoulder three times, "YOU'RE SUCH A FUCKING WASTOID, YOUR DAD COULD HAVE SEE ME WITH THE SINCLAIRS AND THEN WHAT?"

Billy kisses his teeth at her dramatics, "I wouldn't let my dad touch you, man, go shut up and sit down, you little spaz."

Max leaves after staring at him for a good three minutes, she leaves huffing and puffing as she sits in the front room to watch cartoons.

Billy decides to make sunday roast as Susan would be coming home too late. His dad hasn't been around a whole lot recently, which is no doubt a blessing. No more leaving the house at seven o'clock only to escape him and sit in his car outside the school, smoking weed with his fourteen year old sister two hours before school starts.

He joins Max on the couch, they sit in silence for a good five minutes watching a rerun of thunder cats from last week, until Billy says, "You asked for the fucking ride from Sinclair, didn't you?"

Max slowly turns to him, as white as a sheet, "Yes but-"

"Oh my fucking God, Max"

"I WASN'T GONNA SKATE ALL THE WAY HERE, ITS FAR." She complains, once again, like Billy gave a shit.

"You're such a piece of shit, Max."

"I DON'T SEE WHY I HAVE TO SUFFER BECAUSE YOUR DAD'S A RACIST TRASHBAG."

"YH, WELL TOUGH SHIT, WE ALL HAVE TO SUFFER."

Susan enters the house when the pair were setting the table. The door

unlocks with a click as Max places the plates on the old, wooden table. Billy calls for her to take in the forks and knives and follows her into the front room to lay the chicken on the table. Like Max, he freezes as his eyes connect with his drunk dad standing behind Susan. Feeling his anger grow at Billy's disrespect, Billy looks at the floor and says, "Sir."

Billy drags Max back into the kitchen to help make the gravy as the two arseholes sit at the table. Billy didn't hate Susan per say, he just didn't understand why anyone with any sense would stay around his dad. She was a strong woman, Susan worked as a nurse and was usually never around. Though she had been around most of the times his dad only pushed him around a bit. His dad loved to show the power he had over others. Susan being a nurse was a blessing, she came back home late and his dad was almost never around. It didn't hurt that Max picked up a few tricks and could patch him up when his dad battered him a couple of times.

Billy sighed as he took the roast potatoes out of the oven. He really wanted to sleep in.

He takes the roast potatoes out of the oven as Max mindlessly stirs the jug of gravy. Leaving the potatoes on the side he places the boiled vegetables on a big plate, neither Max nor Billy were big fans of boiled vegetables but did it so Susan wouldn't have a fit for once. Max scrunches her face at the cabbage as she brings the gravy in.

When she returns, Billy is filling a large jug with tap water. "Your dad reeks of alcohol Billy, be careful." God she knew him and his massive mouth too well. "Great." He mumbled under his breathe, he doubted she heard him though as she brought in the plate of boiled vegetables. Billy grabs the potatoes and the jug as he goes to set them on the table. Max returns by herself into the kitchen to get some cups, as Billy started to serve everyone a plate. He didn't understand why he had to do it, there were grown people here. Max joins them as Billy finishes serving the adults, Max grabs a plate and makes her own as Billy begins to make his. Adults are jokes, thought the world owed them shit, thought their children owed them shit. It was joke, his life was a big fucking joke.

"It's really good Billy, thank you." Susan says, "Mom, I helped make it

too." Said the shitbird.

Susan nods and goes back to eating her food in silence, everyone ignoring Neil yet acknowledging his presence as no one spoke again at the table. His dad really did reek.

Susan insists on clearing the table. She was kinda obsessed with the kitchen, had to let the plates soak, then spend hours scrubbing them all. It must be tiring, caring that much. Billy joins Max on the green couch, the both watch cartoons til his dad enters the room. Billy tugs Max out as he leaves, not even looking at his dad.

Billy lays in his bed, smoking a cigarette as he thinks of Harrington again. Everyone adored him, despite the casually use of the word douchebag to describe him, he was loved. He know his sister loved him, never shut up about him. He knew Tommy loved him, even if he'd never say it. Knew Jonathan was obsessed with him.

Billy wished that many queers were chasing after him. His love life was kinda shitty, if it can be called a love life, more of a shitty, one way sex life. He was tired of giving head to "straight" boys. And so, so tired of only having a sex life and no love life. It was so utterly boring and lonely.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

"Hey, you got some sorta problem with me?" He demands.

Steve's glare hardens, "You know what you did." He states.

"Do you even remember what he did?" Max asks, giving Steve a pointed stare in the mirror. "Not anymore but I'm in too deep with my petty hatred at him, that it's probably important."

Max scoffs, passing the blunt to him, "I can assure you that it was not."

### Notes for the Chapter:

If this is absolutely shit, its because it got deleted three times and had to be rewritten and i would go over it again and add details but like i think i wrote so much and then got my friend to edit it so, enjoy, gonna figure this Spotify shit out

(also SMUT kinda? Idk they don't fuck yet)

Just realised it needs to be edited again, don't trust bitches with anything, she said i only had 3 mistakes i knew something was up but also it was like 11 when i asked her so... Online school... Eh?

Also decided on girls make boys cry for the title, it was gonna be either...

Your my painkiller, Behind closed doors, Girls make boys cry or Roses and the thorns that come with them

And like i can't really decide.

Steve had always been an emotional, dramatic bitch, he thought. He loved romance, didn't really care for much growing up, he practically had everything but always thought he had never really experienced



loved, not like in the movies anyway. But Steve swore he fell in love with Billy when he first saw him. His golden curls that bounced in the sunlight and his tight jeans. Well, the jeans really didn't have anything to do with being in love, he supposed but they were an important part of his attraction. He was plainly a butt guy, he realised all the girls he dated were flat chested and fit.

It wasn't the first time Steve had been attracted to a guy, and it wouldn't be that alarming if it actually didn't feel like he was falling in love everytime he looked at him. It was the very definition of pathetic. He would love to get to know Billy, he knew quite a bit, mind you. Like how he curled his hair at night, used anything he could to get those curls. Or how he acted like a huge douchebag to Max but how he actually really loved her and that she loved him exactly the same, and that his smile was precious but he insisted on frowning all the time. He noticed all the attention he got from girls but how he always avoided them. And his love for books, he always had one on him, and his clean hands. This hands were soft as if he'd never harmed anything in his life. He memorised the curve of Billy's ass and the harsh outlines of his abs. His sunkissed skin and the freckles that sat under his left eye. And how somehow Max and Erica were his favourite people.

It would be correct to assume that he was jealous when Billy started hanging out with Tommy more. Granted, it was probably for his shitty weed but why had he torment Steve for so long just to ignore him? It wasn't fair, Steve decided he wouldn't like it if the roles were reversed, that may have been where his plans had began. Him sitting on his bed, in the dead of night, yet again thinking of Billy in a silent house. He hadn't known Billy's sexuality but Steve wasn't above assuming sexuality on appearance, clothes were made for expression he guesses.

And to hide the human body, he thought, but where's the fun in that?

So, he wasn't gonna shove Billy against the school's shower wall and whisper dirty shit in his ear while he grinded on him ~no matter how tempting, but he was gonna tease him for a bit. Maybe his gay suspicions will finally be confirmed and he'll stop being ignored.

Steve decided he needed to shower after all the time spent with the rats. He was sleep deprived and sticky from all the sweets Dustin had

somehow got him to eat, despite his dislike of the sugary drugs. Shower was probably the best thing he needed, if he was to have a bath, he knew he'd fall asleep in it. It wouldn't be the first time.

He took a shower and avoided masterbating, although it would knock him out, giving him enough rest for the night.

Despite his tries, images of Billy in the shower beside him (in school ) came to him. Billy in his tight jeans, jeans so tight not only could you see the curves of his ass. You could also see his dick print from miles away. It wasn't anything spectacular, Steve had him beat by inches, but it still made Steve's mouth water everytime he'd casually walk by him to sit in his chair besides him. Steve was violently jerking off, he'd never been so sexually attracted to someone that their face could get him off.

Fuck, he was gonna sleep tonight.

After wiping his cum off, he washed his hair and jumped in his bed. It was a night of many nightmares. He felt lightheaded as he twisted his hand tightly around the base of his dick. He wasn't far from cuming, he stroked himself as he thought of Billy in gym, rubbing himself against him as they played basketball. Such a fucking tease. He came while moaning Billy's name.

He woke up around seven o'clock, fully awake. He often had broken sleep and had woken up three times that night and stared out of the window til he fell asleep but now he was fully awake. Instead of staying in bed and staring at the ceiling until it was too late for him to eat anything. He rolled out of bed and put on his jeans, a shitty band shirt (journey obviously), his rich boy jumper and his nerdy glasses he's had since the beginning of highschool.

It was weird that they were leaving highschool soon. No more staring at Billy at lunch, or Jonathan taking pictures of him, no more Robin telling him all the best spots to hang out, even if he never went to any. He liked Robin. Ignoring his thoughts, he left his cold house, making sure to grab the schools keys that Carol snagged for him.

He drives off in his BMW, You took the words right out of my mouth plays on the radio.

Steve parks his car and unlocks the school doors, grabbing a textbook from each class, making sure to grab a history book for Carol. He loves his old friends but didn't want to third wheel so soon after his breakup with Nancy and her obvious cheating on him. He didn't mind that couple either but didn't feel like third wheeling them either. Being around couples, made him kinda heartbroken. Maybe he should hang out with Robin more.

Everyone could have who they wanted, he thought as he left the school and locking the door, everyone apart from him.

Steve nearly shat himself and dropped the pile of books when the car horn beeped. He peered from the side of the books and saw Billy glaring softly at Max. He walked to Billy's car door and knocked on the window. Billy tears his eyes away from Max and stares at Steve.

He rolls the window down, the smell of weed hits Steve in the face as Max screeches, "Come in!"

"Yh, come in Steve." Billy purrs.

Steve tilts his head, "You know my name?"

Billy gives him a weird look, one eyebrow furrowing whilst the other raised. "Of course."

He blows the smoke unto Steve's face, distracting him from staring at the blonde boy.

"Come on, pretty boy."

Steve rolls his eyes despite his blush and walks over to Max who is holding up the chair so that Steve can slide in. He places his books on the floor.

"Whatcha doing anyways?" Billy asks.

Steve doesn't answer and just glares at the mirror and Billy glares back when he realises. Annoyed that he's being ignored by King Steve once again but now in his own car.

"Hey, you got some sorta problem with me?" He demands.

Steve's glare hardens, "You know what you did." He states.

"Do you even remember what he did?" Max asks, giving Steve a pointed stare in the mirror. "Not anymore but I'm in too deep with my petty hatred at him, that it's probably important."

Max scoffs, passing the blunt to him, "I can assure you that it was not."

Steve takes a hit and holds it for as long as he can, "I was stealing some books from the school, obviously." He says whilst blowing out

his smoke.

"Huh," Billy mumbles as Steve passes the blunt back to him. Indirect kiss, Steve thought, but Max and no ew. "Didn't think you were the reading type." Billy says. "No, I'm not that's why I need the extra help, asshole."

"Billy could help you, he loves to read." Max says, coughing from her excitement whilst smoking.

Steve smiles at her, "I know but I highly doubt your brother wants to tutor me, Max." He says taking the blunt from her.

"ohh, I bet he'd loved to!" She shouts happily.

"Listen here, you little shit-" Billy says, taking his sister in a headlock, ruining her hair.

Billy whines, "Quit hogging the blunt, man." He fully turns his body around to face Steve and Steve rolls his eyes.

He grabs Billy by the face and blows the smoke back into his face, directly in his lips. Billy wildly blushes, as Steve lays back in the seats, legs resting on the two empty seats besides him.

Max rolls her eyes and steals the blunt back from Steve's fingers that lazily rested upon her chair.

"So I was thinking," Steve says after five minutes of silence, "Breakfast?"

"What were you doing in the school's parking lot anyway?" Steve asks when they were eating their breakfast in the diner, they hadn't spoken til Steve asked what he'd meant to ask earlier.

"Billy's dad came back from work yesterday so we had to escape early." Max explained.

"Max." Billy hisses.

"What?" Max asks, her face souring, "Steve' my friend, he wouldn't say anything."

"That's besides the point, Max." Billy scorns, "stop telling everyone my business."

"It's- it's okay, my dad' a real asshole too." Steve tries to reassure.

"That's real sweet, preppy boy but my dad's a different type of asshole."

"Oh." Steve blushes at the nickname and slight embarrassment.

Max shoves him, "Stop acting like an asshole, Billy."

"What?" He exclaims, "I'm not!"

"If i was Steve, i would have beat your ass long ago."

Billy gives her a deadpan look, "What?" Max raises her eyebrows at him, "Don't think he could beat your ass?"

"Nah, he loves me too much, don't ya, pretty boy?" He purrs as he plays footsie with him underneath the table.

"Yh, N-No I would totally beat your ass." Steve says recovering from staring at Billy for too long.

Max cackles loudly, Billy huffs, "Shut your pie hole, shitbird."

"S-sorry, yall are just too cute." Billy scrunches his face cutely. "I am not CUTE."

"Fine, Steve's the cute one then."

"Yh, he is, isn't he?"

"Look pretty boy, the way i see it all parents are arseholes, its a spectrum though." Billy says randomly after five minutes of silence and all three of them stuffing their face to the maximum.

"Like- like, what do they do to you, pretty boy?"

Steve stares at his plate as he answers, "They ignore me."

Billy turns to Max, "So what are we saying, Tens are the parents that'll rot in hell and ones are bitches?" Max nods, with her face stuffed fully. She points at Steve with her fork and says, "four."

"Really?" Billy asks her. "This is coming from the one that goes all tinkerbell when Lucas doesn't call her back straight away."

Max rolls her eyes. "They- They don't just ignore me, they're never there and they don't really care about anything apart from their money. And-"

"Seven?" Billy asks, Max shrugs. "I guess, maybe six."

"And you're dad?" Steve asks.

"Probably a nine." Billy says.

Max shakes her head, "He's definitely ten."

"Nah, I've heard of worst shit then my dad."

Max gives him worried eyes, "really?"

Billy nods, "some people really deserve to rot in jail and hell."

The three of them finish pretty quickly after their conversion, well, apart from Billy. Who takes his time eating.

What a food snob, Steve thinks. Then he thinks of the pace that Billy would take when eating him out, but then Max said something and ew no.

"Huh?" Steve mumbles.

"I said, when you have your party, can we come?" She repeats.

"Who's we?"

"urm- the party? Are you okay Steve?"

He wasn't really, he was still obsessively watching Billy eat. Fuck.

Steve snaps out of it, "You, uh, you know it's not like a party party, right?" She nods enthusiastically, "more like a get together."

Max shares side looks with Billy.

"It's a party Steve, and frankly I'm hurt i wasn't invited." Billy puts a palm over his heart for dramatics.

Steve vigorously shakes his head, "no, it's just like a small thing with friends. You can come if you want."

Billy rolls his eyes, "how many people are coming, princess?" His stare hardens on Steve, "and what, are we friends now or something?"

Steve shrugs, "well, Robin, and she's probably gonna bring Heather, Tommy, Carol. I thought Carol would bring you anyway. And Jonathan and Nancy probably."

Max and Billy both groan at the mention of Nancy. Max stabs her plate as she says, "I hate that bitch."

Steve guessed she hated her cause of him, which was a waste, Steve thought. Max would like Nancy badassery if not for him and his crybaby attitude. He was sure he had cried to her about Nancy at least once. He couldn't help it, Max was always there to make him feel better.

Billy agrees, "Same, i don't trust anyone in that family."

"Yh, Mike can eat shit and die for all i care." Max shrugs.

"Also why wasn't Heather invited?" Billy asks, curious.

"What? She is."

"No, you said Robin will probably bring her."

Max nods, "you did say that."

Steve sighs, damn them ganging up on him.

"I- I guess i don't know her much. Isn't- isn't she one of your friends, Billy?"

"Yh," Billy sits back in the leather booth, "yh, Heather's my friend,

she's cool."

Max sighs, "she's so nice and PRETTY."

Steve plays with his fingers, "yh, she's pretty I guess. If that's your type."

"If i was a guy, Heather would totally be my type." Max giggles to herself in the corner.

"Oh yh?" Billy says, "Heather's not your type, who is then?"

Oh, I don't know, Steve thinks to himself, my type? Probably has eyes as blue as the sea, hair golden with a charming smile and a total bad boy attitude but acts like a big baby.

"Hello? Steve?" Billy waves his hand in front of Steve's face. Making his daydreaming/drooling over Billy end. Sadly.

"Huh? Sorry, my type?" Steve pathetically asks.

"Yes, pretty boy."

"I don't know, blondes probably with like a fat butt."

"So basically, the total opposite of Nancy?" Max asks.

"I guess? Nancy wasn't good for me, just- I mean, my attraction to badasses hasn't changed."

"Badasses?" Billy asks, one eyebrow raised.

"Big time."

"I'm sorry. Nancy? Badasses?"

"Nancy could probably kill you if she wanted to."

"Huh, still don't like the bitch though."

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Summary for the Chapter:

"You guys are so gay, it's gross." Billy gasps at the hypocrisy, "Says the lesbian." He replies.

"Yh, but you don't see me sucking on my girlfriend's tits in front of the school."

Billy chuckles, "yh, thats cause your part bitch, dickhead."

Robin punches him in his arm, "Ow, you little shit."

"Just cause I like to keep my foreplay in the bedroom, doesn't mean I'm part bitch, it's means you're part whore."

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Arsehole or asshole?

Arse is more harsh I think.

They got to school just on time, Steve made sure to place the stolen books under Billy's seats. They all got out of the car, Steve being the last one out, that being of shock to everyone. Steve ruffles Max' hair and walks over to Billy, "The GET TOGETHER is on Friday at five, though I'm sure Carol will continuously tell you, all through the week. There will be booze but you can bring your own if you wanna." Steve places a piece of paper in Billy's back jean pocket, slyly grazing his ass. "See ya whenever, Blondie." He says, walking off.

Billy's skin remains flushed when Steve enters the school, "Did- did-" Billy chokes up.

"Did he just call me blondie?"

Max chuckles, still standing next to her door. "And groped your ass too, from the looks of it."

Billy rolls his eyes, turning back to his sister, "He did not grope me, Maxine."

Max rolls her eyes, "fine, you don't have to be a dick about it."

She grabs her bag and knocks his shoulder, "Why cause I called you Maxine? THATS YOUR NAME ISN'T IT?" He shouts to a Maxine, walking off.



She flips him off.

"AWW, DON'T HAVE A COW MAXINE." He giggles.

Robin joins Billy's side once Max disappears in the school. She turns her face up in faux disgust when Billy turns to her though. She's already puffing on a cigarette when Billy takes his out.

"You guys are so gay, it's gross." Billy gasps at the hypocrisy, "Says the lesbian." He replies.

"Yh, but you don't see me sucking on my girlfriend's tits in front of the school."

Billy chuckles, "yh, thats cause your part bitch, dickhead."

Robin punches him in his arm, "Ow, you little shit."

"Just cause I like to keep my foreplay in the bedroom, doesn't mean I'm part bitch, it's means you're part whore."

"Ouch, Buckley." Billy said dramatically, palm over chest. "Everyone is so fucking dramatic as well, he didn't finger me, Jesus."

Robin grins, "Yh but I bet you would have loved that, right?" Robin ran off to the school, away from Billy's reach to see her girlfriend, not without screaming, "SLUT."

"YO, IS THAT BILLY!" Someone hollers, Carol obviously. She skips up to him, and snatches his cigarette. "Of course it is, we can see that RIGHTEOUS ass from a mile away." She says, sneakily tapping his ass twice.

"That's lovely, compliments so early in the morning." Billy says in a sarcastic tone.

"It's barely early." Tommy pants, out of nowhere. Billy catches him just behind Carol. He must of ran. "Schools starting in like five minutes."

"If that." He says.

"Well, we best haul ass then." Billy says, stealing his cigarette back. Just to crush it with his boot. "Nah," Carol says, shaking her head, "waiting for Steve and my books."

"You didn't..." Billy says pointing to the school. "He's uh- he's already in school."

Carol scrunches her face in confusion, "Oh, I thought he'd be sleeping now."

"Yh we kinda had breakfast together." Billy says, now walking to the building.

"Oh... Cause your dad, right?" Tommy mumbles.

Carol holds Billy's forearm, stops him from walking. "Hey babe, you alright?" She asks, thumb caressing his arm softly.

Billy nods, "yh, yh it's- uh nothing happened."

"Yh?" She asks, Billy nods. Carol slaps his ass, which pushes him forward. Fuck. "Right, get in blondie." She says, taking out another cigarette. Watching Billy leave, she sits on the floor with Tommy.

"You know if you keep on hitting Billy's ass, I'm gonna get jealous." He jokes, playfully.

"Aw, poor baby." She mocks, squeezing his face with one hand.

"Would you rather I just slap your ass, from now on?"

Tommy flinches from memory, "No- no, I'm still sore."

She giggles and plays with her boyfriend's hair, still smoking her cigarette.

Steve nods to Jonathan when he sees him in school, and ruffles the kid's hair whenever he pops out of nowhere. They were freshmen now, so they were everywhere. Normally Steve would pick Dustin up for school but this year he had declared his independence, stating if he ever was gonna get a girlfriend, he'd need to become a man. And that he loved his chubby body but thought it wouldn't help to get in shape, he said if he didn't try now, he never would. Steve didn't know about that, high school changed people. Steve had also told him, he didn't need a girlfriend and if he did want one he wouldn't want one that only cared about looks. Growing up changed everyone's body, he had time.

Steve however did not, well, he did but he chose to believe he did not. He didn't think he could ever feel what he felt for Billy ever again. Almost everyone that he'd been with went with him for his image. A rich boy that would adore them. Steve almost laughed at the thought, his parents would probably cut him off after his graduation and then what would he have. Fuck all.

Geez, he thought, maybe he should be the one getting in shape. He highly doubted girls drooled over slim, fit boys. Everyone kinda liked Billy's body type. I mean, for fuck sakes, even Steve liked Billy's body.

He sighed, out loud in class. Oh well, who gives a shit about girls. Girls make Steve cry. Steve's table rocks, from Billy kicking it. Steve turns to him, on his right. They were in the back corner of the class.

Steve didn't even realise he was here, didn't even realise he got to class. Aww, fuck, he missed Billy's pretty little show of him walking up to him with no underwear.

"Keep it down, princess." Billy whispers to him and then goes back to his book.

"Aww, fuck. Where are we, Billy?" He whispers back.

"Chapter four." Billy says, not taking his eyes off his book.

Billy liked reading, Steve not so much. He couldn't help it, he was sure the book must of been fucking interesting for Billy to be staring at it for that long but the words kinda jumbled up when Steve tried to read. He thought his eyesight was shit, it was, and then he got glasses but the words kinda just looked bigger. Still gibberish but bigger. Which was a step forward, he supposed. His friends helped him as much as they could. It totally sucked because he had a big imagination but whenever he tried to write them down, his friends would say they made no sense. That's why he enjoyed art, he was no David Salle, mind you. (Steve liked his work). But it was a way to express his self without words.

It didn't help that his ex girlfriend was an ass about it as well. Or, maybe she wasn't an ass, either way, Steve did not want to find out. The many times she's called stupid or an idiot was enough to put him off the idea. Thats why some times Steve thinks that he didn't really love Nancy. Maybe he did and thats what blinded him from her imperfections. But if he truly did love her, wouldn't he have no problem telling her his biggest imperfection?

He had just admitted to Billy a couple of hours ago that he has problems reading, which is more then he ever told Nancy. Maybe it's easier to think Billy' a better person then Nancy because he's so much prettier.

Steve wasn't sure and was getting more and more tired of this class as it went on.

The class did eventually end, no matter how much it felt like it wouldn't at the time. And Steve left quickly as to find Robin. He needed new friends, that he actually spoke to.

"Hey!" Steve shout, grabbing Robin by her elbow. He'd followed her to the canteen. Robin furrows her eyebrows at him. "Urm- hey, dude." She stares at Steve's hand on her, until he gets the idea. He follows

her to the short queue for snacks. "I was urm-" Steve scratches his neck, and follows her after she puts her purse back in her pocket. Her food, paid for. "Yh?"

"I don't wanna third wheel Jonathan or Tommy and Carol, can I sit with you?"

"Right, firstly, you don't have to ask, B, you shouldn't have mentioned the third wheeling thing, cause I will make fun of you because of that, forever, dingus. And second, you can but..." Robin sits on the table, right next to Billy and Heather. Well, she sat next to Heather. But Steve automatically went to Billy who sat at the table eating an green apple.

Steve shrugs, casually. "Still better then third wheeling." He stated, even though he was sure Billy and Heather were dating. Why were they sat so close? Probably because they were on a shitty school bench that seats were too close together for a buch of eighteen year olds. Billy could move if he was uncomfortable, Steve noted.

"Yh, about that..." Robin stops talking as Steve receives a slap to his shoulder. Fuck. Tommy. And Carol. Fuck. Third wheeling again.

"Oh, Stevie boy, how we've missed you." Tommy jokes, lightly as he sits down with Carol. She flutters her eyelashes at him. Steve rolls his eyes at them. What a pair.

"I saw you two yesterday." He deadpans. "But you didn't stay for weed..." Tommy says at the same time Carol asks, "yh, where are the books?" "You must have them, Billy said yous had breakfast." Steve blushes lightly.

"They're in Billy's car." He tells her.

"Oohhh," She drawls, "Theres a story there."

Robin cackles, evilly. "Oh my god, you should have seen them this morning." Heather shoves her lightly, "play nicely." Robin pouts. "What? No, tell me the deets. Steve can handle it, he's a big boy." Steve pouts cutely, "I don't even know why I talk to you lot, all you do is bully me, the lot of you."

"I reckon you liked to be bullied, pretty." Billy grins. Carol eyes widen excitedly, "Hehe, is that true Stevie, you like to be punished?" She pokes the blush on his cheek. "You're getting way ahead of yourself, wacko, nobody said punished." Steve says.

Carol grins, "It was implied, no?"

"Fuck you." Steve grumbles, under his breathe.

"No thanks, babes." Carol says, grinning. "I swear guys are such sluts, they just don't like to admit it."

"What's wrong Stevie, masculinity too fragile to admit you like to be bullied?" Billy teases. Steve rolls his eyes, "I don't like to be bullied, for your information. It's just nice, that people think about me enough to pick on things that nobody has."

Billy rolls his eyes, "yh, yh, okay Pretty Boy, whatever you say." Steve glares at him. Fuck him. Steve could think of a million ways to punish the cunt. Though, most of them were starving Billy of his cock, which he'd seemed pretty fine without already. He could imagine forcing Billy's back to bend more as he pounded into him, whining as Steve called him a Slut.

"Billy is the biggest slut." Robin states. Carol rolls her eyes, "No, it's Steve actually."

"Hey, what about Tommy?" Steve whines. Carol stares at him, emptily yet threateningly, "What about Tommy? I'll have you know, Tommys my slut." She defends.

Billy whispers under his breathe, "still a slut."

Tommy kinda plays with his fingers. "Steve's definitely the biggest slut, though." Billy continues as he receives Carols glare. Steve rolls his eyes, "whatever."

"Steve!" Dustin shouts, from behind him. "You got the good stuff?" He asks, like a drug dealer. "yh, just come after school, pick what you want." He nods and hands Steve the homemade cookies. Billy furrows his eyebrows. "What was that about?" He asks as he throws his apple in to the bin. Steve sighs, "dunno, kid wants some workout equipment and I traded some of my old shit for some cookies. I think he might tryna get me fat as he works out." He shrugs. Billy chuckles.

"You fat? Yh, can't see it, skinny boy."

Tommy snorts, "You should of seen him in fifth grade, chubby little shit."

Steve huffs, "Okay, it's your fault, you kept on inviting me over for dinner and your mom kept giving me food. And why'd you have you go say that? He bullies me enough." Tommy laughs like he wasn't a fat little shit at that age as well.

Billy winks at Steve, "Don't worry, sugar, everybody was chubby at that age."

Billy tries to steal a cookie of him, Steve grips his wrist firmly. "Oh come on, pretty boy, don't you love me?" Steve grip loosen as his heart jumps in his chest.

"Well." Robin injects, "If

Billy won't make fun of you for it, I certainly will." Carol rolls her eyes, "Oh please, the man won't be getting fat anytime soon, he goes on walks at like three in morning."

"Yh, Billy does the same thing, vain fucks." Heather says. Steve hates that one of the first things she says was something so personal about Billy.

"Every night?" Steve asks Billy. He nods, "Yep." Steve raises his eyebrows. "Surprised I ain't seen you around, Bill."

"Yh, I usually go to Heathers. But you know, might see you around Harrington."

He steals two more cookies and leaves Steve heartbroken, jealous and with only seven cookies.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I don't say worktops, I say sides. Also I'm british so some of my spelling will probably be, well, British.

Also Heather and Billy, lowkey, being each others beard? YESSIR

I haven't done any of my homework because AO3 is now my life.

## 4. Chapter 4

### Summary for the Chapter:

Steve shuffles backwards from Billy as soon as Robin gets up. Billy sulks for a second, curls a finger in Steve's hair and tugs harshly. Steve whimpers quietly and Billy smirks, does his stupid teeth licking thing that always has Steve putty in his hands and backs away. Letting Steve have his space.

"Wow." Tommy said, when the kids all came out of school, only to run around the car and ask Steve a million questions. "You should really put a leash on them." He says to Steve and Billy. Billy whose trying to make sure Max doesn't run off with her boyfriend back into the school, so they can 'pick up her project.' Billy didn't see her do no damn project. And Steve who was trying to fit as much kids as he could in his car, 'no, if you just let Will sit on your lap, Mike, damn it, stop being selfish.'

Robin chuckles next to Tommy, both of them viewing the chaos, "Ha, don't give them any ideas."

Steve hadn't seen Billy since Friday, after school when they'd shared an cigarette, both waiting for the kids. They'd got the kids in eventually, no matter how much they'd fussed. Every kid was in Steve's car, apart from Eleven who was being dropped off later by Hopper. Despite their whining all the kids wanted to get in Steve's car, including Robin. Who like the kids said she wanted to pick out sweets with him. Heather got in Billy's car, naturally, Steve thought and Tommy and Carol in hers and Steve didn't actually know how Nancy and Jonathan would get there.

"Okay turn this corner." Robin instructs him.

"Dude, I know how to drive to the store, it's literally two minutes away." Steve tells her.

"You once forgot how to open the door and thought you were locked inside the school. Turn the corner, dingus."

"CAN YOU TWO STOP YOUR BICKERING AND HURRY THE FUCK UP, OH MY GOD." Lucas complains in the back, sitting on Max's lap, due to Billy.

Steve chuckles. Billy was funny, that's for sure. Steve follows Robin's instructions and parks in the lot and gets out, kids following after him.

"Will, pick some sweets for Eleven." He tells him before they enter the store. They greet Joyce as they pass and proceed to the snack section. Steve grabs some nerds and loads of crisps. Robin grabs some drinks and some pop for the kids. Steve had already made dinner so that wasn't a worry. Steve pays for the junk and leaves quickly, they jump in the car and he blasts 'Heaven' by Bryan Adams. Steve sings all the word by heart and ignores Robins face as he turns up the radio, the music drowning out the kids squabbles.

Tommy's car is parked on his street, not his driveway, leaving a space for Steve's car, next to Billy's. "Alright rats, get out." Steve says when he parks. Him and Robin bring in the bags and Dustin unlocks the front door using his key. Tommy, Carol, Billy and Heather sit comfortably on the sofa as the kids play at their feet. Robin joins them, watching Blade Runner, a film Steve had bought and hadn't watched yet. Steve picks up the bags, abandoned by Robin on the floor and brings them into the joint kitchen. It was small but big enough for the one person that actually lived there, Steve thought.

Billy follows Steve into his kitchen and sits on the worktops. "What's wrong, baby boy?" He asks.

"Nothing." Billy rolls his eyes, "Okay, need any help?" He asks, now standing behind Steve, so close. Steve turns around to him, still trapped in between Billy's arms. So close, he stares at his lips until he looks up to those pretty blue eyes. Steve's thumb caresses Billy's arm, "wanna help?" He asks. Steve was so close Billy could feel his breathe caress his face with warmth. He nods. Steve steps closer to Billy. "You wanna do the snacks, Bill?"

He nods, and Steve pushes a bag of crisps into his chest, pushing him away from him. "Here, put all of these into that big bowl." He instructs, pointing to the plastic bowl.

Billy huffs, but does what he's to do. "You're lucky, you're pretty." He sighs. Steve giggles, "I know."

Billy does all the snacks and then brings in drinks for everyone, though Steve had to go back and take the beers off the kids as soon as he gave them. Max somehow got one though, probably through Billy,



he did love the little shit, that was for sure.

Steve joins them on the couch, forgetting the food for a while. Heather was no longer, on Billy's lap.

God, how Steve wanted to sit on his lap.

But now sat, cuddled up to Robin. Tommy sat besides them, not too close as Carol's spread legs took up most of the space. Steve was surprised to find Tommy wasn't on her lap, though he probably hadn't felt comfortable enough to do that. Billy's sitting in the corner of the couch, as far from them as possible. Steve squeezes in between Carol's leg and Billy. He swears he stops breathing when he feels Billy's thigh against his. Billy doesn't make any move and lets his thigh be squashed against Steve's boney knee. He watches Steve's shorts ride up a bit as he sits down, to reveal creamy, hairy thighs. Steves had legs for days and Billy felt religious from the sight of them, only a small part of his thigh hidden from shorts that were too old for him.

The kids were leaving soon, so they could have some time to themselves. Johnathan comes around nine, to pick the kids up and drop Nancy. He kisses her on the head and tells her he'll be back soon. So they all make room for her, Tommy begrudgingly moves closer to Heather, who was still curled up to Robin. Whose lazy arse didn't move an inch. Carol shuts her legs and shuffles closer to Tommy. And Steve moves closer to Billy, only to find he was practically on his lap. Billy fucking purrs and slyly wraps a hand around this back as Steve tries to move back. He does not want to get punched in the face, thank you very much. Steve gasps quietly when he feels Billy's warm hand on his back, holding him still.

Nancy shyly sits down, only to jump up when the bell rings. The credits roll as Johnathan joins them in the frontroom. Both he and Nancy try to fit onto the couch, which causes Steve to whimper as he gets pushed closer into Billy. Fuck, this was it he was gonna get a semi in front of all his friends, what a way to come out!

But Robin let's out a loud groan before Billy could (hopefully) see Steve getting hard against his thigh. Robin had always been so very vocal about her dislike of Nancy. Which Steve blames on himself. Though, it wasn't really Steve's heartbreak that caused her to dislike

the Wheeler, more of her mean streak and the way Billy always fucking whined about her breaking poor Stevie's heart. And how Steve had kinda drunkenly cried about Nancy to her one night, well more then one night, but what pissed Robin off that night especially was Steve crying about the way she'd reacted to Steve coming out to her and her boyfriend. Steve hadn't actually came out to Robin before then, but guessed crying about how his ex took him coming out to her was technically coming out to Robin but with a lot more tears then necessary. Steve could forgive her all he wanted but Robin wasn't entirely sure about her. Jonathan was cool though. Billy liked both of the Byers boys actually, so Robin figured they were cool enough.

"Right, we can't fucking do this can we?" She complains, she pulls herself out of the couch and to sit behind the coffee table, facing the dumbasses, her back to the TV. Naturally, Heather follows her and Nancy amd Jonathan sit with them. Far enough for Robin to not kick up stink though.

Steve shuffles backwards from Billy as soon as Robin gets up. Billy sulks for a second, curls a finger in Steve's hair and tugs harshly. Steve whimpers quietly and Billy smirks, does his stupid teeth licking thing that always has Steve putty in his hands and backs away. Letting Steve have his space.

"What game are we playing guys?" Carol asks. "Why don't we find out who's actually the slut of the group?" Heather smirks, mischievously. Carol grins, nodding. She draws a shitty tally table shit and writes everyone's name into different columns.

A tipsy Max walks into the room and sits on Steve's lap. Starting to braid his hair. Steve thanks the Lord his semi went as soon as he moved away from Billy.

Billy looks kinda upset at Max sitting on his lap and then goes all soft watching Steve do her hair as she does his. The both of them giggling, trying to find a way to do it at the same time whilst Max is sat on his lap, like a child. "Maxine, you can't just sit on grown men's laps like that, you're not a child. And Steve's not your boyfriend, and even if he was..." Billy scrunches his face up in disgust at the thought of his little sister sitting on any boy's lap. Max slaps his wrist, knocking his drink a little. "Shush, Billy. Steve's basically my brother,

you're so gross."

Billy rolls his eyes and Steve chuckles at the pair of them.

"OKAY, FIRST UP... BOYS!" Carol declares. "How many boys have you kissed?"

"I know for a fact, Tommys kissed one, I've kissed three." She continues, rambling a bit.

"I've kissed one aswell." Robin says, Carol takes it down. "Five."

Heather says, Carol nods, all serious. "Three." Nancy tells her. "None." Jonathan says.

"Wait!" Max interrupts. "Should we make this more interesting?"

"I'm listening." Carol says. "What if we bet on Billy?"

"Ohh, yh and Steve."

"Yh, like so I reckon Billy's kissed... Ten guys. And Steve? Two."

Carol cackles evilly, "Billy's kissed fifteen, Steve thirty."

Max eyes widen. Steve shrugs, giving nothing away. "No, Steve two. Billy two?" Nancy says.

Oh, Billy was such a slut. Nancy had no idea.

Jonathan grins happily. He knew both of them very well. Though Billy had never opened up about his sexuality, he was guessing all those 'girls' he often spoke about were really dudes. He had, many times, mixed up the pronouns he first started using. Jonathan never corrected him. Steve was open enough.

"I reckon, Steve's kissed thirty-five guys and Billy's kissed five guys."

Billy and Steve still gave nothing away but Jonathan knew he was the closest. "Okay, dingus has kissed like five guys cause he's shy and would rather be cuddled then fucked-" Robin starts.

"Hey, dumb fuck, we haven't got to fucking yet. Stop jumping ahead-" Carol interjects.

"Yh, yh. Whatever Carol. As i was saying. Steve's kissed five guys. But Billy? Billy's fucked around, right? So I'd say twenty, maybe twenty-five." She continues. Heather rolls her eyes, "It's the other way around." Is all she says.

"Soo..." Carol turns to them. Steve blushes then, all eyes on him.

"I've probably made out with fourty guys." Nancy chokes and so does Billy. "Yh I've made out with like everyone in my year and some below. I don't know the exact number as I like to get drunk and-" Steve covers Max's ears, "You know, fuck around with more then one

person, I always kiss everyone though. I like it."

"Steve's real big on affection." Tommy says, "Fucking hippie kissed me couple times." Steve rolls his eyes and continues to play with Max's hair, "You love it."

"And Billy?" Jonathan grins. Billy huffs, "Jon's right, I've kissed like five guys. Don't like kissing people man. It's too close, what's the point if you ain't gonna talk to them again?"

Steve nods.

"Right everyones gotta take a shot apart from Jonny." Steve says, pulling Max's hand away from the shots, Carols pouring as she's cursing everyone out.

"RIGHT, FUCKING BOYS NOW!" She says after taking two shots, one of which she didn't have to.

"Gonna go out on a limb here and say Jonathan's fucked no guys. Nancy's done two? Tommy one. Robin none?"

They all nod, and Heather says she's fucked two guys.

"HERE IS WHAT WE'RE ALL HERE FOR, BETS. BETS. PLACE YOUR BETS."

Robin, Tommy and Nancy just takes a shot instead of guessing. "Okay so Steve fucked with five guys? Billy's done twenty." Heather says.

"Okay Steve's fucked three guys... Billy's done at least twenty." Jonathan says. Steve rolls his eyes, Billy fucking a guy? No chance. Carol smirks, "I reckon they've both done about twenty."

"Okay, what are we talking about here? Orgies? Dry humping? Oral? Or just getting someone off? Mutual masturbation?" Steve asks. Most of them gap at him. Honestly, Steve was a bit tipsy. "Anything that involves getting off with someone, I guess." Carol shrugs.

"Okay, you're gonna have to give me a minute." Nancy gapes at him more.

"Okay, well, I've slept with twenty guys?" Billy guesses. "I don't know, i don't really do that foreplay shit and i don't write shit down."

"You're missing out, man, I think I've fucked twenty guys aswell."

"Everyone takes a shot, 'part from Carol." Billy instructs.

"Right! Now, making out with girls!" Carol announces. "Steve, will do

us the pleasure of starting off?"

"Again, around fourty."

"CALLED IT." Max shouts. "You called nothing, child." Steve tells a tipsy Max.

"fourty,..fourty." Carol mumbles, taking the numbers down.

"Tommy?"

"One, dumbass." She grins at him.

"I've kissed none." Nancy says. Carol rolls her eyes, and mumbles a 'of course' under her breathe. Carol sort of despised modest women, they were no fun and a bunch of prudes she could never get on with. Surprisingly, her closest female friend, Robin, was shy with sex. Carol liked Robin though, she was fun and they got on well enough even if she was a prude sometimes. Carol didn't understand women sometimes, bending to every mans rule. Carol sort of despised men, they were ignorant and a bunch of arseholes she could never get on with. Surprisingly, her close friends and boyfriend were men, or boys rather.

Carol hated men, not boys. She decided.

"I've kissed five girls?" Heather says. "I've kissed three." Jonathan says.

Carol carefully writes it down. Her handwriting was so bad sometimes she later had trouble reading it. But she tries her best, even if teachers say otherwise to her mother.

"I've kissed ten girls." Robin says.

Carol stares, "You've kissed ten girls and one boy?" Robin nods. Could it be that..? "Huh, well I've kissed twenty girls?" Carol says unsure.

"Twenty one, babe." Tommy says, lighting up a cigarette.

Heather's eyes widen.

"HOLY SHIT, she beat us at our own game." Heather says to Robin, eyes still stuck on Carol.

"I blame you for this. Now you've spawned the God of whoring and she's looking too happy." Steve tells Robin and Heather, laying back on the sofa.

Tommy sulks on the arm of the couch, "I want to go home." He moans.

Carol flexes her fingers, "What did you say about whoring, King Steve?"

Steve sticks his tongue at her, "You still had me beat, slut."

"Oh, really? Let's talk about Steve's sex life again."

"Ew, let's not. Anyway, what was you saying about your own game, Heather?" Nancy says, much to Billy's hatred. Billy wanted to know about the whole of Steve's whoring record.

Steve puts a palm over his heart, "Oh, you wound me." Tommy rolls his eyes at Nancy, and mumbles something to Billy about, 'Like she didn't fuck Steve when they were together.' And Billy says something like, 'Ugh, don't remind me.'

"It just that, uh-," Heather says, pulling everyone away from their little conversations. Robin, squeezes her hand in comfort. "We're kinda coming out to you guys." Everyone sat in silence, still confused. Steve especially. "It's just that urm-, the thing is, me and Robin are together. Have been for a long time."

"Oh." Steve said, now looking at Billy.

"Urm-" Steve, somewhat, begins.

"Billy is my best friend and I love him but I can't love him like how I love Robin." Heather explains.

"Haha, I knew!" Carol cackles, "Why didn't you telling, dumb bitch?" Carol asks Robin.

"Bitch, you know I was but Heather was like tell them all. And I'm about as whipped as you are."

Carol cackles again, "This is too fucking good, I want details."

"I-"

"I'll tell you how I fucked Tina in the showers."

"YOU WHAT?!" Heather elbows her girlfriend, "I mean, I totally don't wanna hear about that." She says, unconvincingly. Only to mouth, 'call me'. Carol winks at her.

"Wait... What- I-" Steve says, loudly. "When? How?" Jonathan adds.

"We met in Robin's House." Heather says. "Yh, Billy kinda brought her along with him when I called him over one time."

"WELL, I PERSONALLY FEEL HEARTBROKEN-" Steve exclaims.

"Oh, shut up. You turd. I called you but Dustin said you were busy."

"The little shit." Max mumbles.

"I made the first move. Kissed her." Heather says.

"Cause Robin is a shy little gay bitch? We know." Steve laughs. Robins throughs the pillow at him from the fall. Hitting him straight in his face.

"Are you dickheads gonna eat before you leave?" Steve asks, standing up to get food from the kitchen. "Leave? Somehow I don't think so Harrington." Tommy says. Steve rolls his eyes, "Yh, yh. Do you want a wrap or not?"

"I don't eat meat, sorry." Heather says. Steve scratches the back of his neck. "Oh, I have pasta?" Heather nods, "Thanks, I'll help make it." Heather follows him into the small kitchen and heats up the left over pasta, after Steve heats up the chicken. Steve makes a couple of wraps and places them on a big plate. He makes two without vegetables and two without tomatoes. For Robin and Max. Heather brings them in for him and he brings in the big plate. He smiles warmly at her, "thanks."

She smiles back, "Urm- Steve?"

"Yh?"

"I know we don't know each other very well but uh, Robin really likes you and I uh, wanna get to know my girlfriend's friends?"

"Of course, I don't uh, really know how to do that though."

She smiles, "Of course."

Max hugs him when she sees her own plate and processes to sit on his lap. Heather smiles a lot more and a tipsy Tommy sits on his girlfriends lap.

Billy says nothing the whole night and Steve moves closer to him to comfort him when everyone leaves.

Max still on his lap. Steve lays his head on Billy's shoulder, Max's head heavy on his chest. Though he makes no move to move her.

"Mind if we stay a bit longer?" Billy asks when Steve starts to fall asleep on his shoulder. "Stay the night." He tells him. "No, we-"

Steve grabs his forearm, "Stay." He pleads, pouting while staring at him with his wide eyes. Billy nods and Steve lays his head back on his shoulder.

"I just realised something," Max says, "you've both been cheated on."

"Huh." Steve mumbles as he falls asleep.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

I don't share the same opinion with Carol about women but I suppose I used to.

## 5. Chapter 5

### Summary for the Chapter:

sorry babes,, i kinda forget i used to post on here but urm trigger warning for violence//parental abuse. I cried so many times writing this chapter not even gonna lie.

Billy walks back to his bed after peeing and squeezes his eye shut to think of anything else. Maxine whispers in the front room as he wraps his self in blankets and tries to think of anything other then the feel of his hand against his throat. But it's not working and his sobs are stuck in the back of his throat as he tries desperately not to cry. He hears Max as she comes to join him in his room and he finds himself thinking of Steve and his pretty hair and the pretty sounds he made when his hair got pulled. He thought of his pretty bambi eyes.

Billy left Harrington's house in the early hours of the morning, three am to be precise. He carried a sleeping Maxine to the car after pressing a kiss to Steve's head and laying him down on the sofa. Max had woken up once placed in the car and Billy was sure she pretended to be asleep so that Billy would carry her. Though he never said anything. They both sat in silence as Billy left the Harrington driveway.

Max didn't speak during the drive, which was odd but Billy assumed she was tired. He knew he was.

"Billy?" Max whispered over dull music playing from the radio. As if to wake him up. "Yeah?" He answered.

"Do you-" She shook her head. "Never mind." She whispered. "What?"

"Do you- Do you think it's okay for girls to like girls?" She asks quickly. Billy inhales sharply. "I- I think girls can do what ever the fuck they want. And I don't think they care for my opinion." He turns to look at her. "I thought you would agree, since you're always banging on about feminism and racism."



"Yeah, I- I suppose that's true. I just wanted to hear your opinion on it. You are my brother, after all."

Billy doesn't correct her. Just tells her to sleep.

And he doesn't get killed that night and he thanks a God he doesn't believe in as he lies in his bed. His happiness doesn't last long however. As he opens his eyes to birds chirping in the early morning. He must of slept for three hours.

Before he rises out of his bed his bedroom door slams open. And his red faced dad's got a nasty grip of his hair. He always makes sure to grab the back as it hurts more. And Billy's too tired to feel anything but pain from his head and carpet burns as he's dragged out of his room, into the front room.

His dad let's go of his hair to wrap his hand around his throat. And suddenly Billy feels as though he can't breathe, his fear finally takes over his senses and he scratches at his dad's hand. And his dad shouts, angry and hard and all he can think about is dying. He wants to spit in his face and dare him to finally fucking do it. Though he doesn't as he can't speak. And he can't hear, and he starts to think he is dying. Everything comes back to him when he takes his hand off his throat. Billy can hear his step mom crying and Max yelling at her. As his dad shouts, "Did you fucking hear me, you fucking pillow biter?!" He grabs him by his hair and punches him with his other fist.

And Billy thinks this would be a really shitty way to die, as his dad lands blow after blow. His step mum had left at one point and Max is whispering to someone. "No son of mine touches little girls at night!" Billy wants to scream, how the fuck can i be a faggot if I touch little girls? But he doesn't, instead he spits at him. And watches as his blood lands on the man's face. His face scrunches up in anger and now Billy can hear his step mum shouting at his dad as he wraps a hand around his throat and slams his head on the ground.

He doesn't remember when it stops but it must of at some point because he wakes up in the front room when it's pitch black, with a blanket over him. He just walks to his bed and stays there, hoping he doesn't see his dad again.

He wakes up at two in the afternoon. He steps over Maxine laying on

his floor and tip toes to the bathroom. To wash some of the blood off his face and to pee. His face has swelled up in some areas. His right eye a gruesome purple and he was surprised he didn't have a broken nose or any lost teeth. His dad never usually aimed for his face but Billy assumed he had probably been drinking as to mess up so bad.

Normally Billy would want to go beat someone's face in but all he really wanted was to sleep forever so he didn't have to think about it ever again. Beating people up was easier then crying. Crying made you more tired and would give Billy a horrible headache. Not to mention his face goes a horrible red.

Billy walks back to his bed after peeing and squeezes his eye shut to think of anything else. Maxine whispers in the front room as he wraps his self in blankets and tries to think of anything other then the feel of his hand against his throat. But it's not working and his sobs are stuck in the back of his throat as he tries desperately not to cry. He hears Max as she comes to join him in his room and he finds himself thinking of Steve and his pretty hair and the pretty sounds he made when his hair got pulled. He thought of his pretty bambi eyes.

He calmed down enough to turn to Max. He lifted the covers for her and she joined him. "Did they feed you?"

She shook her head. "Something about staying out late and punishment. There's no food in the house as well. "

"Want a burger?"

Max gleamed, "With a shake?" She asks greedily.

He chuckles, "Sure, get dressed."

She squeals and leaves his room to get ready.

She gets dressed fairly quickly and decides to call Steve while Billy was perfecting his hair or some long shit he was always doing.

The phone rings for about two seconds before Steve picks it up.

"Hey."

"Max? You okay? Is Billy still awake? Do you need me to come down? I can bring some food." Max rolls her eyes as Steve asks a million questions at once. She kind of loved him.

"Steve. Steve, I'm fine really. Billy's awake, we're gonna go out to eat now."

"Billy? Billy's awake now? Put him on the phone."

"Steve, I can't, he doesn't even know I've been talking to you. He's been out of it for two days now. I-"

Billy snatches the phone of her before he could spill anymore of Billy life to Steve Harrington. He left the room when he heard Max whisper 'Steve.' He did not know he was out for two days, so why did she tell Steve. Billy swallowed his sadness as he thought of her calling Steve her brother. "Pretty boy?" He asks into the phone, facing away from Max.

"Billy? Billy, you- this is gonna sound really fucking stupid because of course you're not-"

"What is it Harrington?" He asked, wanting to go back to his bed more then ever now. He was getting a bit dizzy from standing up.

Steve swallowed his nerves and asked, "are you- can I see you two? I know your parents might be back soon but I wanna check-"

Billy cut him off, "We're going to the dinner, but we'll be eating quickly. You should see us tomorrow anyway."

"TOMORROW? But your injuries, you can't possibly-"

"Bye pretty boy." And at that Billy hung up on Harrington's shouting. Max crossed her arms from besides him, "You know, you don't have to be so rude."

That sadness filled Billy again and he decided not to argue with the little shit for once. "He was giving me a worse headache." He explains, unconsciously touching his neck.

Guilt fills little Maxine's face and she whispers, "We should stay home, sorry Billy."

"Nah, we're already dressed now so let's roll." Max' jaw drops.

"This is you 'dressed'?" Her eyebrows draw in, in concern. "Maybe we should get your head checked out."

He scoffs, "Ha ha really funny."

He races to the dinner and hopes his pretty boy isn't there. He'd love nothing more then to see him but he couldn't cope with his bambi eyes staring down at him, feeling guilty or pitiful. It was pathetic. He was pathetic. He needed a cigarette.

Max slides into a booth while Billy orders burgers and milkshakes. He

walks back with vanilla and chocolate milkshakes. "God, I miss chocolate milkshakes." She says eagerly grabbing it off Billy.

"I miss Freddie's milkshakes." Billy says as he sips on his. "I miss Freddie."

"Yeah, I miss Freddie too, kid."

"Your burgers." The waitress says as she places the plates on the table. "Thanks doll." Billy replies. "You're welcome sugar." She smirks.

Max's face twists in disgusting, Billy looks up at her eating his chips.

"What?" He snarls. Max rolls her eyes, "do you think you could maybe, not flirt with 30 year old women?"

Billy glares at her, "I was not flirting with her."

"Sure you wasn't."

"Just eat your food shit bird."

## 6. Chapter 6?

### Summary for the Chapter:

"You're gonna make a real sweet trophy wife one day princess." Billy says.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Artie apologies,, he can't ever finish one task but he has cool stick n pokes and is hot so it's okay. (Not to blow my own dick)

Steve arrives at the dinner when they finish their food, they walk out, shoving each other and laughing. Steve waits in the middle of the parking lot with his hair undone and his shirt unbuttoned. Billy catches his eye and shoves max into his car. He lights a cigarette as he walks over to Steve, Steve takes his face in his hands.

"What the fuck happen to you, Billy?" He asks, just to receive no answer. "Is it my fault?" He whispers. "Why does it matter?" Billy asks, after three minutes of silence. "Uh, because I care? Because I'm a decent human being who doesn't want to see anyone needlessly suffer?" Steve says, as if it's obvious. "And that involves me how?" Billy asks, angry now. Steve rolls his eyes and steals his cigarette from between Billy's lips. "Just... Can you come to mine later?" He asks.

"Depends what shit birds doing."

"Are you cut anywhere?" After a few minutes of silence. "Not that I know of." He sticks his tongue out in that way that Billy does. "You wanna check?" Steve squirms. "Just make sure you're not, I'll check when you come down."

Billy rolls his eyes, "Whatever pretty boy." He crushes his cigarette and walks back to his car. Steve sighs and walks back to his car.

"He's worried about you, you know." Max tells him when he drives off.

"I know." He says, taking his eyes off the road for a second to turn up

the stereo.

Billy falls back asleep as soon as he falls on his bed, Max sits on the phone with Lucas. She listens to him rant for what seems like hours, she loved his voice and Lucas loved making her laugh.

Billy groans as he rolls out of the bed just to find Maxine standing above him. "What is it?" He moans.

"It's 6pm, I have a girls night and you have a date."

"Hmm? What?" He mumbles, still half asleep. Maxine rolls her eyes, "Just get up and get ready, dumbass." She leaves his room. Billy lays on the floor for another half an hour until he finds the strength to get dressed.

He puts on his jeans, white shirt and leather jacket. He outlines his eyes with eyeliner and puts on his rings and leather gloves.

"READY BILLY?" Max screeches from the front room. "NO." He shouts back. She storms into his room. "Need help? You didn't curl your hair and now it's all flat."

"Yeah I can see that Max."

"Well, it's too late to use my hair curlers so we have to leave it like that." Max tells him, he sighs.

"Right let's go then, you got your shit?" He asks.

"Yep, let's go."

----

Billy bangs on the Harrington's door at 8pm after dropping his sister off. Steve opens the door with a smile and the smell of brownies hit Billy. Billy cocks his eyebrow at Steve, "Baking again Harrington? You're gonna make a good wife one day." He grins. Steve rolls his eyes and drags Billy into the house. "Go up to my room I'll come up with the brownies in a minute."

Billy listens to his pretty boy and goes up to his room, which he had mistaken for the spare room several times but he figured the plain white room is more likely to be a spare room.

Billy fucks around with Steve records until Steve comes into the room with a plate of brownies. Billy throws his leather jacket on the bed and lays on Steve's bed. Steve joins him as he tries to get the stuffed animal that's digging into his back out from beneath him.

Billy eyebrow raises as he realises what it is. "A Teddy bear? Really Harrington." Steve rolls his eyes at him again. "Shut up, they're old." Billy ignores the tag on the little bear as he throws him to the end of the bed. "Sure, pretty boy."

Steve pushes the plate towards him as to offer some brownies, Billy takes one and moans as he bites into it. "You're gonna make a real sweet trophy wife one day princess." Billy says. Steve ignores the dig and asks, "Did you check for cuts?"

Billy scratches his chest, "No, I passed out. I didn't get cut though, I know that."

Steve lays back on the bed. "Sure, Billy."

After twenty minutes of them lying together in silence Steve says, "You know, you know how I said my parents ignore me?"

Billy nods his head as much as he can laying down. "Well they don't, kinda. They... They..." Steve sits up and turns towards Billy, making big gestures with his big hands that have nothing to do with this subject. "The last time they stayed here for longer then a week was two years ago, and I hate them so much for it. I have this unforgiving rage because of it and I drank and drank to put out that rage but it never helped. And recently I feel like I'm losing it which scares the shit out of me cause in some way it's me? It's what makes me, what am gonna do? Who am I without all this rage? Just a jerk who likes to bake and talk to people half their age? It's just so fucking tiring to think about it and it makes me so angry when I think all of this links back to the fact that my parents never stuck around long enough to love me."

"Why are you telling me this?" He asks.

"...Because you're my friend?" Steve says, now unsure. He thought they'd had been friends for a while now.

Billy chokes on the brownie, "F- fr- friend? We're friends?"

Steve lays back, "I mean yeah, like... Has anyone ever told you, you're easy to talk to?"

Billy shakes his head, "No, actually. Never. You just like to talk."

"Huh. Sorry for that."

"Don't worry about it, Pretty boy."

"You can uh... You can talk about your dad if you want."

Billy chuckles, "Why? Cause you exploded about your shitty Parents?"

"Well yeah, but you can always talk to me. Never stopped you before."

"Well I think the bruises on my neck speak for themselves, Harrington." Billy lights a cigarette and Steve lightly traces the bruises on his neck with his thumb.

"Wanna kiss them better for me, doll?" He teases.

"Oh you'd love that wouldn't you." "Maybe."

They share a cigarette that night and fall asleep on Steve's double bed curled up together. Billy plays with Steve's hair until he passes out. They don't talk about it but it's the best sleep Steve's gotten in months. Soon he finds himself craving Billy's fingers in his hair again.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Idk where I'm going with this story but I kin Billy and I'm just gonna continue to project my issues onto him. (He too is a gay trans masc sadist with daddy issues [I'm pan but ew no Billy is 100% a fag {I can say fag I'm gay dw} yeah he's gay cause I said so,, look at the little faggy earrings gay ass] idk why I am bullying a character I kin okay shut up )